[redacted]

Harold Bank, Co. K, 167th Inf.

Apo 31, Camp Blanding, Fla.

[redacted]

Mr. Sam Bank,
Army Store,
Tuscaloosa, Ala.

CAMP BLANDING
DEC 11
3 PM
1941
FLA.

[redacted]

CAMP BLANDING
DEC 11
5 PM
1941
FLA.

Dec. 10, 1941

Dear Daddy:

I got your letter yesterday, and was glad to hear from you. I also got the letter from Bert from you and one from Lottie too. I left he letter in my tent, but will send it to you immediately. Be sure and keep all of them.

We started a blackout of the whole camp last night. There are absolutely no lights in camp at night. Bert said he was going to move 100 miles from Fort McKinley. I wonder where he went. I guess he went further inland, to get away from the attack. I hope so, anyway. I don't see why you are doing so much worrying. It don't help any at all. What is going to be, is going to be, and worrying won't stop it. So don't worry anymore.

They won't let us go out of camp this week. They are sending men all over the state to guard all the bridges and vital points of defense here. It wouldn't surprise me if we didn't move out to somewhere soon ourselves. I hope not though. All is a stir around here now, just like the war is here in Florida.

I will be expecting the box of food this week! Or will it be next week? They are working us clerks day and night, and it is really tough, but I really like the work. The co. commander told me this morning that I would probably get a Corporal's rating on Jan. 1; that pays me $64.00. I sure hope I get it. I can use the money.

I am still thinking of going to New York on my furlough. I hope I can get the boys to go. I will go to Chicago if you want to go the week after Xmas to buy goods. Let me know if you want to go, and I will come home on the 28th of Dec., instead of going to N.Y. I don't want to come home and just lay around there doing nothing. The boys from school will be gone, and there will be nothing to do. Please write me a letter this week, and tell me what Bert talked to you about me and the Army. You can write in a letter, and nobody will read it. So tell me in your next letter. I am going to write Bert a long letter again today. You ought to write him a letter at least twice a week. What ever did Foots Clements do about working on his transfer back to the States? Did he ever do anything about it? You ought to keep pushing him to work on it.

Well, I have to make out next month's payroll, now, so be good, and don't win too much money on poker, and tell all the folks, cats, and neighbors hello, and nectucutug! Stop worrying,; I don't worry, so why should you? Write soon!

Love, Harold